

Hate With a Passion

by kimmiehp

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Summary: Ponyboy gets raped by socs can he cope? how will his friends and family react?

1. Chapter 1

Rumbles of what sounded like thunder could be heard from miles. Ponyboy ran as fast and as much as possible but, even as fast as he was he couldn't run forever so, he ran into a dark alley and hid behind a dumpster. As he panted trying to gasp for air, each soc passed by him searching for him. Ponyboy let out a sigh of relief. He heard a crack nearby and he stiffened. He peered around the corner, cautiously. Bob the soc looked at him with pure anger, and raced to him pinning him down. He pinned his arms down under his knees digging into Ponyboy's skin. " C'mon you dirty greaser we never really did give you that haircut did we hahaha." Bob chuckled heavily. " Help! Someone! Soda, Darry!" Ponyboy yelled he'd forgotten how scary getting jumped was... The blade pressed against his bare skin on his neck causing Ponyboy to squeal like a baby. " I do believe we started just about right...here..." He said with a smirk. " No! Stop!" Ponyboy yelled as loud as he could but he knew no one would come. Darry's at work Soda's at work Steve's at work Two-bit's probably with a chick somewhere Johnny's probably getting beaten by his dad and Dally is off with Tim Sheppard somewhere. No one knew he was in trouble and no one was coming to save him this time. So Ponyboy did the best he could and kicked Bob in his groin with his knee making Bob crouch and hold it.

" Oh you're so gonna get it Curtis." Bob got up and punched Ponyboy sending him crashing. His face stung like a bumble bee had just stung it and he could taste copper forming in his mouth. " I'm gonna teach you a lesson Curtis, you dirty greasers are lower then us. We're better than you and always will be." He said wiping the sweat dripping of his red, hot face. He pulled Pony onto his stomach pulling his lower back close tearing of his and Ponyboy's pants. Pony, struggled to get free but was held at knife point. Bob edged in

close to Ponyboy's anus and entered roughly, thrusting back and forth. He had made it clear that he would teach him a lesson but, this was just too much. WAY TO MUCH. I mean rape? come on.

Finally Bob had gotten done as cum struck the inside of Ponyboy's anus, and blood dripping down his legs. Bob got up and left Ponyboy there to wallow in his own feces as he spit on him in pure disgust.

" Now you're even lower, my slave in fact...My bitch..." He spat, walking away in satisfaction. Ponyboy finally woke up at the crack of dawn. He sat up and winced at the sudden pain. He hurt all over. He opened his eyes letting the light adjust to his eyes. What have I gotten myself into now? He thought painfully.

He tried to stand up but, kept falling down the pain was just way too much. Finally he stooped up and walked step by step, very slowly. He made it maybe 2 blocks and fell down again and he had two more blocks to go to get to his house. But he couldn't stand up again. All the power had been drained out. So he sat there dumbstruck. The whole gang had looked for Ponyboy all night but saw no sign of him and, they all agreed to go looking again as soon as morning came. Even Tim went to help look. In fact he was the one who found him. He walked down old south side street feeling mighty confident, when he saw a small reddish haired boy lying in the street, obviously injured.

Tim went over to him hurriedly, and grasped the kid's face. " Hey! Ponyboy! WAKE UP!" Tim yelled. It was obvious that he wasn't getting up any time soon so Tim grabbed the boy's arm and wrapped it around him carrying to the Curtis's house. When Tim and Pony had gotten back the whole gang was there with worried, angered faces. Tim walked in and Soda and Darry jumped up. " Pony!" They both exclaimed. By now Ponyboy was wide awake but couldn't look any of them in their faces, it was too embarrassing. " Where the hell were you Ponyboy!?" Darry was yelling by now, and Ponyboy could tell it was out of concern but for Christ sake, he had just been raped he didn't need Darry's shit too. " Look Darry shut the fuck up okay? I am NOT in the fucking mood!" Ponyboy was bawling.

As tears streamed down his face uncontrollably, the gang stared at him in a questioning way. But, he collapsed to the floor, and started bawling even more than before no one knew what to do. But, when he looked at Johnny, his best friend got up and went over to him caressing his back soothingly. " Hey Pony...What's wrong?" Ponyboy didn't want to tell him he didn't want to speak at all, so he just looked at him in hope that their " Silent conversations" Would come in handy right then. Johnny knew that look and Johnny wasn't stupid either.

Johnny gasped and shook his head putting a hand over his mouth. " Pony...They didn't...did they?" Johnny asked with displeasure. " It was just one he had me held at knife point I tried Johnny I tried..." Ponyboy wailed. Johnny looked at his friend in concern. " I'm sure you did buddy..." It was all Johnny could say. It took all he had not to start bawling with Ponyboy. The whole gang looked at Johnny as if he were a maniac. " What the hell happened?" Two-bit asked. Johnny shook his head walking out. " Damn it. them and their "silent conversations"." Dally cursed. " I'll get it outta him.." And he meant it.

Ponyboy had finally found the strength to stand up after a while and locked himself in his room, and he wouldn't let anyone in. Not even Soda. But, Johnny had come back in and they all begged him to go in. Ponyboy was trying to cry himself to sleep, when he heard a soft knock at the door and that puppy voice. " Hey Ponyboy. C'mon lemme in. I already know anyways what's the big deal?" Johnny protested. Five minutes later he heard the lock untwist and Johnny squeezed in. " Are you okay Pone?" Johnny asked. Pony looked at him funny like. " What kinda question is that?" " Sorry... What happened?" " Well.. I was walking home from track practice and I heard them tailing behind me. They wanted to finish what they had started, from last time they ganged up on me... but I ran into an alley and they didn't see me. I thought it was over but, Bob came back there and when he found me he..." Ponyboy stopped himself. He could feel a bile rising that was begging for release and he put a hand over his mouth to try and contain it.

Johnny pressed further and tried to sooth him as much as possible. "It's okay. It's over now. We gotta tell the gang now okay?" "What?! NO!" Ponyboy was trembling now. "Look the gang won't think of you in any different way you'll be fine but, they gotta know. Remember? you can trust me, always." Johnny pursued. "Okay... I trust you, Johnny." Johnny bleakly nodded and walked out with and arm around Ponyboy. "Guys, there's something that happened to Pony, while he was gone. Bob, he uh...he r-raped Ponyboy."...TBC

I WAS JUST REALLYYYY BOREDDD LOL SO TELL MEH IF YOU WANT MORE TOOTLES!

XX

Ponyboy: If you just HAD to make me get raped you could've at least made the story line better, punctuation, grammar, ect... Man you suck at writing.

Me: Oh ya coming from the one who got raped...

Ponyboy: -_-...no comment

2. Coping With Rape Life

HIIIIIII

Soda's eyes widened in horror. His own little brother. Jesus, the world is a fucked up place huh? You can't trust anybody. Ponyboy shifted away from everyone very nervously and uncomfortably. He didn't know if they would turn him down or help him through it, he just didn't want to look at them all. When he looked at their faces he saw hate, and guilt, and sadness.

Ponyboy felt like he had made everything worse, and now they hate him. He could mainly tell just by their body movements. Dally looked angry, and he kept fidgeting, and Soda left the room before he started bawling. Ponyboy just didn't care anymore about the rape he just had no clue how his friends would treat him now, he really needed their support. " Why were you on the South side?" Darry asked. He tried to hide the harsh tone but if you really listened which Ponyboy did, you could hear it. But he knew Darry would do this to him it's all he cares about is himself and how bad Ponyboy makes him

only one that could be there for him was Johnny. He turned over and looked at Johnny who looked as uncomfortable as himself. " C'mon I can't take this let's go to the lot..." Ponyboy stated walking out quickly. Just before Johnny turned to go with him Darry tugged on his sleeve.

" Just keep an eye on him okay?" Johnny nodded and went after him. Ponyboy hoped he wouldn't run into any socs along the way but, anything was better than staying at home right now. " Hey Johnny, you gotta smoke?" Ponyboy asked grimly. Johnny pulled out his pack and handed it to Ponyboy. "Here keep it.

You need it more than I do.." " Thanks Johnny." When they sat down at the lot Johnny kinda looked a little dour. He bit his tongue for as long as he could but he had to ask. " Hey Pony? You don't have to answer but I just wanna know. What was it like?" Johnny asked looking away suddenly. Ponyboy smiled. " It's fine. Well at that point it felt like he was ripping away everything i rebuilt with Darry and you guys and after my parents.

They only think about themselves. I felt gross. I could feel HIM inside, and I just felt like dying of embarrassment. I tried to be more manly and tough it up, and I tried fighting but, I couldn't move from the position he had me in. The only thing that kept me from crying was thinking of you. I don't know I just thought of you and it somehow made everything easier to deal with, and it still is." Ponyboy finished, leaving off on the biggest non bleak look.

He felt proud of it. " Thanks I guess..." Johnny was a bit creeped out but, at the same time happy he couldn't put his finger on it. He liked the idea of Ponyboy thinking of him while he was having sex, I mean sure it was rape but still. " C'mon Pone I don't think we should be out here for long. If they find you.." Johnny, trailed off. " We just got here though I wanna cool off away from everyone." " And get raped again? Okay fine...Look Pone I just can't stand to see you hurt you're very important to me. Not to mention you're brothers." Johnny had thought he said something smart. Ponyboy smirked. " Right Darry caring? That's funny. He's a selfish bastard is what he is. He cares about himself only." Johnny never knew why Ponyboy and Darry always fought. I guess their just always stressed out, Johnny thought.

Johnny had made Ponyboy agree to go home with him, but again he still avoided everyone's gaze because he kept seeing that same look, Sadness, Anger, doubt, guilt, pain. Ponyboy ran to the bathroom and grabbed a razor, and thought about it for a minute. Death, never seeing Darry Soda Johnny anyone ever again. Was it worth it to escape some pain that would fade away over time? No. So he just slept it off, thinking he'd feel better in the morning. But things just gradually got worse. At school people were giving him dirty looks.

Everyone knows. People were pointing and laughing and whispering. They ALL know now. He felt like shit. Literally a big pile of shit. And that's how people thought of him. He suddenly couldn't breathe anymore, his chest was heaving. He couldn't get enough oxygen, he felt like he was going to die from oxygen loss. He went to the bathroom and splashed some water on his face taking deep breathes, When he heard the bathroom door slam. " Well well well... Lookie here. It's Bob's little bitch, that stupid little weasel, Curtis." He had , had

enough. He plunged at the guy who mocked him and slammed his head against the sink, and his body stiffened. His body lied there lifeless looking. The other guys had run off leaving Ponyboy to the mess. Ponyboy bent over and poked the guy but he just stayed still. He felt his neck for a pulse but, could feel none. Oh SHIT! He was freaking out. He'd just killed someone. Well it kinda felt good. It gave him the exhilarating sensation he needed if he was going to kill Bob too. Bob had taken his relationships with his friends and family away he deserved a lot worse than death. And Ponyboy stood laughing softly, looking straight at the wall, planning his revenge for Bob the soc. XXXXXXXXXXXX

Srry this one was more than likely boring but, I mean I couldn't really think of anything to do, but, I've planned out my next chapter now and it should be more interesting now that he wants Bob dead. PONYBOY THE NEW DEXTER YYYAAAYYYYY! UPDATE SOON

End
file.